
Title: Final Conquest of Yew

Author: by Spirit of Grishnak

William Smit sat in
his prison cell,
playing dodge the rats
with the other
denizens of his small
enclosure.

Occasionally a guard
would wander by,
either on some errand
further past him, or
to drop off a bowl of
gruel.

Whenever that
happened, William
would shout out to the
guard.

"Hey turnscrew!
You're gonna like it in
the mines, I'll see to
it!"

Invariably this
brought laughter to the
guards early on in his
captivity. As the Orc
forces pushed closer
and closer however,
the guards would avoid
eye contact and hurry
away.

Soon the smell of
smoke was hanging in
the air, and the clash
of metal on metal could
be heard in the
distance. William just
sat back in his cell and
played with his long
and nasty beard and
smiled.

The defenders of Yew
knew this was their
last stand. They had to
hold the line here and
hope that

reinforcements would arrive. Fast riders had gone out to call in the military might of neighbors to the north and east, but no word had yet reached them. Though they swore to defend Yew to the last man, each feared that today he would be called upon to perform the final task.

Vargen, Captain of the Yew militia, felt his drop as the ranks of Orcs marched towards the walls of the Court of Truth. Knowing they could not match the enemy man for Orc, Vargen had hoped that by fighting from the Court, he would be able to use the superior defenses of the stone ediface to his advantage. Upon seeing the ranks of Orcs preparing to assault, he knew that the stone walls would not make a difference.

"GAH!" Grishnak cried out as he fell off the featherless bird for the fifth time. Climbing back to his feet, he drew his scimitar to slay the beast, only to be stayed by the laughter of the Orcs around him.

"Shaddap! Alla ju shaddap ur get clumped!"

Grumbling something about traditions and not riding food, Grishnak climbed back atop the ostar, which seemed even then to glare at him

with a malicious look.

"Oki birdee, ju nub
like meh, und meh
nub like ju. Meh
makee deel wid ju. Ju
nub du dat agun, meh
nub eat ju win dis
ober."

The ostard settled
down with those
soothing words, and
the Chieftain
continued to troop his
lines. Satisfied with
the sight of 50 Orcs
and the outriders of
the Shadow Counsel
and Holy Disciples of
Darkness, he gave the
signal to advance.

The Orc Horde
smashed into the
defenders at the Court
of Truth like a tidal
wave. Man and beast
were pulled from the
walls of the Court and
hurled into the
courtyard. Swarms of
Orcs assaulted up the
steps to the walls.

Trugak and lu'zan
charged into one
battlement, only to be
confronted by a
barrier of piled boxes.
Laughing at this
feeble attempt to hold
them out, Trugak
smashed into the
barrier with his axe.
The resulting
explosion blew Trugak
and lu'zan to the
Bludgod in tattered
rags. Bits of Orc
decorated the entire
room.

U'nuk, with several
Runts in tow, charged
into the room and
stopped.
"eep!" he hollered, then

charged right back out again.

The fighting moved swiftly into the bowls of the Court of Truth, the dwindling numbers of defenders falling back farther and farther towards the prison. Their task was hopeless. For each Orc that they managed to slay, two more stepped up to take his place.

Soon they were fighting outside the cell of William.

"Should we slay William," one asked, knowing the situation to be that desperate.

"No," sighed Vargen. "It wouldnt make a difference. The Orcs will just find another puppet"

William pressed his nose gleefully against the bars of his cell and watched the last Yew defender fall before the scimitars of the Orcish Horde.

"Get me outta here!"

Laughing and shouting Orcs quickly broke the door to his cell and cut the chains off his wrists. Escorted to the Court of Truth, the Orcs sat William in the chair of the High Judge.

At last the battle was over. With William installed as Chieftain of Yew, the Orcs had won their war. William immediately

signed the documents
surrendering the
souther half of Yew
to the Orcs,
foreswearing all claim
of territory. That
which had been stolen
long ago was returned.
The Orc Nation was
reborn.

Grishnak sighed and
leaned back against the
wall, then slid down
till he was sitting on
the floor. It was done.
Fourteen years of
fighting over in an
afternoon. He felt the
aches and pains in his
body. Age, affliction,
and wounds, all felt
worse and worse with
each passing day.

As he watched the
Orcs parade about and
loot and pillage, he
smiled to himself and
closed his eyes to
darkness one final
time.

A boot to the ribs
brought Grishnak
quickly to his feet,
snarling and
reaching for his axe.
The sight that greeted
him stopped him cold.

Laughing eyes stared
at him, eyes he had
not seen in years.
"Korgath," he said. "Ib
dat reely ju?"

Laughing again,
Korgath nodded, then
pointed behind
Grishnak.

Grishnak turned and
saw he was in the
courtyard of a mighty
citadel. A pen of pump
horses occupied one
corner, a giant black

tower took up the view
on one side, and rows
of hunched slaves
carted kegs of ale into
the tower.

Amazed, Grishnak
looked back to Korgath.

"We been ekspekting
ju," Korgath said.

Grishnank looked
down his body and
realized his pains
were gone, his
wounds healed. Then
he realized were he
was, and grinned.

"Kum, lets gwu. Da
Bludgod waitin for
ju," Korgath said.
Spying Krog the Elder
leading in fresh
horses to the feast,
Grishnak knew he
would like it here.

- by the Spirit of
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